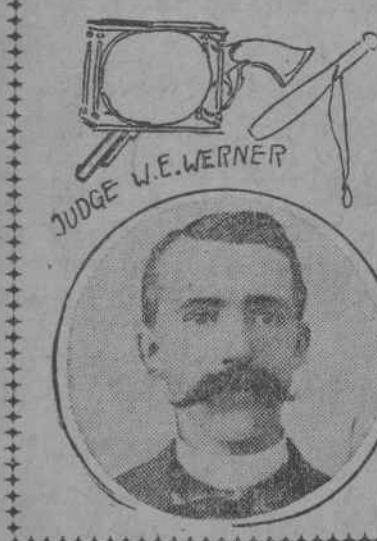


MRS. ASTOR COMING HOME; C. VANDERBILT A GENIUS; CLAUSEN BUYS AN "AUTO"; WM. P. HALL BUSY SAVING SOULS.



MRS. BELMONT TO HAVE A SALON.

Will Gather the Geniuses of the Country in Her Home.

SHE TIRES OF SOCIETY.

Her Idea, It Is Said, to Follow the Example Set by Mrs. Paron Stevens.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont has tired of dinners and dances and the other forms of entertainment which prevail in society, and will go in for literature this winter. Those who pretend to know her ambitions, say she desires to have a salon, where the lions in art, literature and science will meet, and which talent instead of wealth will be the standard for admission.

No woman in New York society is better able to accomplish this, for not only is Mrs. Belmont one of the cleverest and wisest women in the metropolis, but one whose taste and personal magnetism attract bright persons to her. She can converse on any subject, and possesses the rare art (among women) of being an excellent listener.

Thus equipped, it is not predicting too much to say that her beautiful home on Fifth avenue, near Fifty-fourth street, will, before the present season wanes, be a modern rival to that of the famous Hotel de Rambouillet, a meeting place for artists, musicians and literateurs.

The stage, too, probably will be represented, for Mrs. Belmont had among her guests at the Horsho Show last week, John Drew and his wife. Other visitors included Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, and Mrs. Gibson.

The late Mrs. Paron Stevens cultivated the society of artists and literateurs, and the cleverest people in town always were to be found at her famous Sunday evening receptions.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Oringer also drew literary folk around her when she lived in her cozy little home in East Thirty-third street, but she did not really have a salon in the true meaning of the word, as Mrs. Belmont will have. Her friends go beyond mere gathering of bright persons. Like Mrs. Stevens, she wishes to keep pace with them in their work, so it is said, to be better able to appreciate it than she does now; to be able to help them, and perhaps accomplish something herself. Mrs. Oringer, under her pen name of Julian Gordon, has won literary laurels as a novelist, and Mrs. Frederick Tamm, who also is credited with the desire to have a salon, writes letters which some of her friends say compare favorably with those of Madame de Sevigne.

Certainly, if Mrs. Belmont's clever reputation could be transcribed to paper, she would win fame, and it is a wonderfully well-informed woman and an accomplished artist. As she always accomplishes what she undertakes, it is safe to say that her salon will be one of the most interesting drawing rooms in town this winter.

CROKER GIVES THE "AUTO" HABIT TO CLAUSEN.

President of the Park Board Orders One of the Vehicles for Himself.

From being the enemy of those who would drive their automobiles in the park, President Clausen, of the Park Board, has become their active champion and has ordered one for himself, to be delivered as soon as he moves into his new house in Seventy-second street.

Only three weeks ago a resolution was moved by the president and unanimously adopted by the Board of Park Commissioners making it a misdemeanor to enter the park with a horseless carriage. Then Mr. Clausen took a ride with Mr. Croker in Mr. Croker's automobile to see for himself how great the evil was he had prohibited.

During the ride Mr. Croker and Mr. Clausen met many mettlesome horses. These animals, the president had been told, were thrown into a panic by the sight of a carriage without a horse. Mr. Clausen was surprised to find that most of the horses allowed Mr. Croker's automobile to pass unharmed.

Now President Clausen can handle an automobile himself. He says some action favorable to the vehicles will be taken by the Board on Thursday.

DOG WAKES HIS MISTRESS TO GIVE WARNING OF FIRE.

Big St. Bernard Saves Mrs. Sprout and Her Son, of San Jose, Cal.

San Jose, Cal., Nov. 19.—A singular St. Bernard dog came to the front on Friday night as protector of a family and savior of a household. The incident was at the home of C. Sprout, No. 188 West San Fernando street. At 3 o'clock in the morning the big St. Bernard, "Beauty" by name, threw his front feet upon Mrs. Sprout's chest, rubbed his head against her face and whined until she awoke.

Springing up, she found the house full of smoke. Mr. Sprout was absent in Sacramento, but Mrs. Sprout awoke her son and they found that a log had fallen from the huge grate across the hearth, and, burning its way through the floor, had fallen beneath. Mrs. Sprout and her son managed to extinguish the fire. "Beauty" had a delicious steak for breakfast this morning.

He was Drowned Accidentally.

The body of a young man was found in the Harlem River off One Hundred and Fifty-ninth street, by Patrolman McGrath yesterday afternoon. It proved to be that of Harry K. Parsons, twenty-three years old, of No. 220 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street. He left home on November 18. A large sum of money and some jewelry were found on his person. The police and Charles Parsons, his father, believe death was the result of an accident.



'ENGLAND'S FIGHT A NOBLE CAUSE.'

So Says Beatrice Harraden, the Author, Who Is Here.

CERTAIN OF VICTORY.

Declares Ignorance and Superstition Must Be Banished from the Earth.

Beatrice Harraden, the novelist, will start at noon to-day on her long overland journey to Southern California. Every morning of the two weeks that she has been in this city with friends in Seventy-seventh street, she has scanned the papers eagerly for news of the war in South Africa.

The earlier reverses of the British troops filled her with a longing to do something for the brave men who are leaving England to fight, as she believes, for civilization and humanity. Before she left England she considered whether she should put on the Red Cross and sail for Cape Town to minister to the wounded or should obey her physical and seek health and strength for herself. Her family and friends finally persuaded her that her larger duty was to make herself strong for the good she could do to the world, and she decided to pass the winter with her relatives in California.

"In spite of everything," she said yesterday, "I feel almost as if I had left duty behind me. Here in New York I can at least follow the movements of the troops and rejoice in the triumphs of right and justice, but out there I may not hear of battles for days and days. Every victory makes me stronger."

Mrs. Harraden is of medium height, but does not appear to be robust. Her face is pale, and the lines about her mouth tell of strong emotions. She wears her hair and wavy black hair brushed back from her forehead. She speaks rapidly, but distinctly, and with decision. Altogether she appears to be a woman whose thoughts and feelings would urge her to attempt more than her physical strength would endure.

She never discusses her own books, except to answer the questions of others. Her whole interest to-day is centered in the African war.

It is the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to obliterate ignorance and superstition from the earth," she said, with flashing eyes. "We are all one, and I speak and feel here in America the same as at home. We will win, as we always have won, for it is right that we should win."

Roosevelt's Dates for the Week.

Monday—Visits Yale University, New Haven.

Tuesday, at noon—Lunches with the Rev. Mr. Slicer, Seth Low and others at the City Club. Will decide how far to go in the prosecution of District Attorney Gardner.

Tuesday evening—Dinner with Chamber of Commerce and makes a speech.

Wednesday morning—Breakfast with Senator Platt and Chairman Odell at Fifth Avenue Hotel. Legislative program to be framed. Governor to give final answer whether he will stand for the State constitutional bill and Maxey Committee charter amendments.

Now President Clausen can handle an automobile himself. He says some action favorable to the vehicles will be taken by the Board on Thursday.

DOG WAKES HIS MISTRESS TO GIVE WARNING OF FIRE.

Big St. Bernard Saves Mrs. Sprout and Her Son, of San Jose, Cal.

San Jose, Cal., Nov. 19.—A singular St. Bernard dog came to the front on Friday night as protector of a family and savior of a household. The incident was at the home of C. Sprout, No. 188 West San Fernando street. At 3 o'clock in the morning the big St. Bernard, "Beauty" by name, threw his front feet upon Mrs. Sprout's chest, rubbed his head against her face and whined until she awoke.

Springing up, she found the house full of smoke. Mr. Sprout was absent in Sacramento, but Mrs. Sprout awoke her son and they found that a log had fallen from the huge grate across the hearth, and, burning its way through the floor, had fallen beneath. Mrs. Sprout and her son managed to extinguish the fire. "Beauty" had a delicious steak for breakfast this morning.

He was Drowned Accidentally.

The body of a young man was found in the Harlem River off One Hundred and Fifty-ninth street, by Patrolman McGrath yesterday afternoon. It proved to be that of Harry K. Parsons, twenty-three years old, of No. 220 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street. He left home on November 18. A large sum of money and some jewelry were found on his person. The police and Charles Parsons, his father, believe death was the result of an accident.



BLENDS BUSINESS WITH SOUL-SAVING.

W. P. Hall Working Hard for the Salvation of Sinners.

William Phillips Hall, known far and wide as the business evangelist, takes on one revival engagement after another as if saving souls was his only occupation.

Beyond the fact that he combines this active religious work with the astute management of the biggest of financial enterprises, the most remarkable thing about him is that he has abolished all sectarian barriers from his work. By conviction and affiliation a devout Methodist, he distributes his services, and his means as well, among all the denominations in something like a regular rotation.

Having nearly finished a series of stirring and successful meetings in Calvary Baptist Church in Brooklyn, he has engaged to conduct services in the Rev. Dr. John Ralston Shaw's church (Presbyterian), at One Hundred and Fifth street, and Amsterdam avenue, beginning next Monday night. Professor W. S. Woodman will have charge of the singing. These meetings are part and parcel of the great evangelistic campaign which the Presbyterian Church in New York City has this year entered in hopes of counteracting the disaffection caused in part by the Briggs dissensions.

Mr. Hall carries business methods of organization into revival work. With the Rev. Dr. William Chapman, he is established what is to be known as the Evangelistic Union, for the purpose of providing speakers for churches which are desirous of holding revival meetings. In connection with this he has published a collection of gospel songs, compiled by Professor W. Woodman, the proceeds of the sale of which are to be devoted to the promulgation of the Bible.

"Set is of no importance to me," said Mr. Hall yesterday. "What is essential is that Christians work more and theorize less. Anything that helps to reach, everywhere, the great truth that Christ saves sinners, and that in Christ our whole hope of the world's betterment resides."

TWO BOYS MISSING.

Williamsburg Police Have Hunted Vainly for Them for a Week.

Two boys, Samuel and Heyman Kanter, ten and seven years of age, respectively, sons of a cigar-maker, of No. 326 North Seventh street, Williamsburg, have been missing for a week. They disappeared on Saturday, November 12, and have not been seen since. The police have searched for them since Sunday a week ago, but in vain.

ENGAGED—At Kittery Point, Me., George H. Seward, U. S. N., on duty in Porto Rico, and Miss Helen M. Trefathan, of Lock's Core.

George H. Seward is an apothecary in the United States Navy. He used to be in charge of the dispensary at Kittery Point, and there he became acquainted with the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Trefathan, prominent in the society of that section. If there was any understanding between the young people nobody knew about it, but there is a regular mail now to and from Porto Rico, and Town Clerk Donnell, of Kittery Point, has just issued a license authorizing their marriage.

Mrs. Trefathan sails on Wednesday to San Francisco in line at his station in our new colony, carrying with her the license issued by the State of Maine for the wedding.

Lends All Papers.

The Journal printed 10,504 Employment "Want" advertisements last week and leads all New York newspapers. Consult Journal "want" advt. pages if you need help or want employment.

MARRIED—In St. Louis, Louis Schwengeler and Miss Francis Oberfore.

Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, but Louis Schwengeler served seventeen for Francis Oberfore.

They became engaged seventeen years ago in Baden, Germany, when he was hardly twenty-two years old and she was eighteen. Neither of them had a penny. So the young man, after tying a bit of cord around the girl's finger for an engagement ring, borrowed a little money and took the steamer for America, where he proposed to make a fortune for her.

Year after year went by. Schwengeler tried many plans in the new country, but the fortune eluded him for years. But the girl waited and worked at home, ready for the summons she knew must come. Louis Schwengeler came to anchor in St. Louis and became a hand at the Niederrhein Iron Works. He worked hard and at last the time came when his savings were enough to stand a heavy draft.

Recently there arrived in America a buxom middle-aged woman. She had a trunk in a huge trunk and she checked it to St. Louis. She was met at the depot by a man of about forty, who took her to once to Justice Walker's office, and there the engagement that had endured for seventeen years was fulfilled and Francis Oberfore was at last Mrs. Schwengeler.



MRS. ASTOR RETURNS TO ENLIVEN SOCIETY.

Mrs. William Astor, or Mrs. Astor, as she is always called, the generally recognized leader of New York society, is on her way back to this country from Europe, and is due to arrive here on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse to-morrow.

Society will welcome this news, for there were rumors early in the Fall that Mrs. Astor would spend the winter on the other side with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who go to Europe about the middle of next month.

Mrs. Astor's return will set at rest all doubts concerning the coming social season, which many in view of the Vanderbilts being in mourning, predicted would be very dull. Recent advices from her say that she has completely recovered from the indis-

position which made it necessary for her to go abroad a few months ago, that she is in excellent health and will begin entertaining as soon as she comes back.

Mrs. Astor's return will save the season from any anticipated dullness. Her beautiful home at Fifth avenue and Sixty-fifth street, where some of the most elaborate entertainments New York has ever known have taken place, soon will be the scene of others equally brilliant. She will give a series of large dinner parties during the winter, and probably one or two big receptions.

She may also be depended upon to give a dance after the holidays. Her ball room is a magnificent apartment. An art gallery connects her house with that of her son, and when she gives a ball it also is used. The corridors of the two houses connect, making them practically one on such occasions.

WANTING THE PLACE WHERE LOGAN FELL.

"Gordon of the South" Would Like to Go on Firing Line.

Adjutant-General Corbin, U. S. Army, Washington: I have the honor to request that, as a Legion of the North is killed at the front, a Gordon of the South be permitted to take his place on the firing line.

My physical disabilities are not of sufficient gravity to interfere with a fight. I ask to be ordered to sail on the Logan.

FRANK GORDON.

Major 42d Regiment, U. S. Volunteers.

This "Gordon of the South" is a son of General Gordon, of Georgia, who, although wounded seven times in one battle during the civil war, continued to fight until nightfall. Major Gordon is a "chip of the old block." The spirit of the father is reflected in the son.

For the cure of the "physical disabilities" of which Major Gordon makes so light in his telegram he is to undergo a hazardous surgical operation in a few days.

"If they take me as I am," said the Major in the Grand Hotel yesterday, "I'll forego the operation and take my place on the firing line in Manila. Why, I am good for many a day. I would esteem it an honor to be appointed to take the place of my dead friend, John A. Logan."

At Guantanamo during the Spanish war Major Gordon was attached to the Third United States Volunteer Infantry, and later made first lieutenant of Company H, Forty-third United States Volunteer Infantry. While acting in the capacity of range officer he did some hard horseback riding.

His work in the saddle caused the physical impairment which necessitated his discharge.

"FATTY" BATES WON \$3,050 IN HORSE SHOW PRIZES.

His Exhibits Carried Off Twenty-Eight Ribbons "by Hard Work," He Says.

"Fatty" Bates sat in the office of his West End avenue stables yesterday afternoon and told his friends "how he did it." He had brought away just \$3,050 from the Horse Show in the shape of prizes—"ribbons," he calls them.

"Boys, it was hard work and nothing else that did it," he said. "With sixty thousand men in the field, the natural result will not long be delayed. The Boers will be driven from the Transvaal, and Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal will be united."

VANDERBILT FIREBOX WILL BE TESTED SOON.

Young Millionaire's Invention Is Expected to Add to His Wealth.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, when he is not at home in the Goebel house, at Forty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, with his wife and babies, goes up the river to West Albany to see how his newly invented locomotive fire boxes are getting on.

They are to be fitted in five of the ninety new locomotives about to be added to the New York Central Railroad's equipment.

Railroad men who have passed their expert judgment on Cornelius Vanderbilt's invention declare that it will bring a sung fortune, or what to a struggling inventor would be a great deal of money.

Mr. Vanderbilt's device is the application of a corrugated surface to the fire box. It presents a greater surface of water to the fire and makes more steam with less coal. It has been tried and proved in marine boilers before the Vanderbilt applied it to railway locomotive construction.

J. W. KELLER TO PRESIDE OVER THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

He Is Shrewd, but Lost in Gaming What He Earned by Writing "How to Win at Poker."

The rise of John W. Keller to the front rank in the Tammany Hall organization is shown by the placing of his name at the head of the Democratic Club's ticket as the regular candidate for president. He will be unopposed. His friends say he will fill the office with dignity and savoir faire without damage to his reputation for good fellowship.

If the word "genial" were not out of date one would apply it to Mr. Keller. Cultivating the graces of friendship and pleasant conversation all the time which he spares from reforming the Department of War. This latter work, by the way, made such an impression upon Joseph H. Choate that he has mentioned it in several of his speeches in London, where he can afford to give credit to a Tammany man.

Mr. Keller used to have a fair for poker. One reason for this is that he comes originally from Kentucky. He played poker when he was a newspaper man, and wrote a book on "How to Win at Poker. One day, when he had had a final settlement with his publisher, he "burned up" all the profits on the book in a game with several friends from the Rine Grass country. After that he swore off and has kept the swear.

MARRIED—In Latonia, Mo., W. J. Gilmore, of Louisville, and Mrs. A. L. Farris, of St. Louis.

Twenty-six years ago W. J. Gilmore, a young sailor, said good-by to the girl who had been his wife but a few months and went away to sea.

The ship he sailed on was wrecked, and no word came to the girl-wife. A baby girl was born to her soon after. Years rolled by and yet there came no word from sea or land of Sailor Gilmore.

The wife waited and mourned for him, and dressed the child, now grown to a beautiful girl, in black for her lost father. Another name—a-courting, and Mrs. Gilmore believed.

She was met at the depot by a handsome woman. She became an actress, and \$8 now with a company that is touring the country.

Farris died, and after a quarter of a century Gilmore traced his wife. She was a widow, and last week Rev. J. W. Mitchell, of Covington, married her again to the husband of her youth, and the daughter who has never seen her father telegraphed her congratulations.

Best on Record.

The Journal printed 21,418 "Want" advertisements in three months ending October 31, 1899. No matter what the whole population turned out to see a real live barometer and his bride to be.



WANTS THE PLACE WHERE LOGAN FELL.

"Gordon of the South" Would Like to Go on Firing Line.

Adjutant-General Corbin, U. S. Army, Washington: I have the honor to request that, as a Legion of the North is killed at the front, a Gordon of the South be permitted to take his place on the firing line.

My physical disabilities are not of sufficient gravity to interfere with a fight. I ask to be ordered to sail on the Logan.

FRANK GORDON.

Major 42d Regiment, U. S. Volunteers.

This "Gordon of the South" is a son of General Gordon, of Georgia, who, although wounded seven times in one battle during the civil war, continued to fight until nightfall. Major Gordon is a "chip of the old block." The spirit of the father is reflected in the son.

For the cure of the "physical disabilities" of which Major Gordon makes so light in his telegram he is to undergo a hazardous surgical operation in a few days.

"If they take me as I am," said the Major in the Grand Hotel yesterday, "I'll forego the operation and take my place on the firing line in Manila. Why, I am good for many a day. I would esteem it an honor to be appointed to take the place of my dead friend, John A. Logan."

At Guantanamo during the Spanish war Major Gordon was attached to the Third United States Volunteer Infantry, and later made first lieutenant of Company H, Forty-third United States Volunteer Infantry. While acting in the capacity of range officer he did some hard horseback riding.

His work in the saddle caused the physical impairment which necessitated his discharge.

"FATTY" BATES WON \$3,050 IN HORSE SHOW PRIZES.

His Exhibits Carried Off Twenty-Eight Ribbons "by Hard Work," He Says.

"Fatty" Bates sat in the office of his West End avenue stables yesterday afternoon and told his friends "how he did it." He had brought away just \$3,050 from the Horse Show in the shape of prizes—"ribbons," he calls them.

"Boys, it was hard work and nothing else that did it," he said. "With sixty thousand men in the field, the natural result will not long be delayed. The Boers will be driven from the Transvaal, and Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal will be united."

REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY HIS DAUGHTER'S GUEST.

Rear Admiral Schley, having hoisted his two-starred flag on the Chicago, spent yesterday afternoon in the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. M. Stuart Wortley, at No. 63 West Sixty-eighth street, where it is expected that Mrs. Schley will remain while her husband is on his Southern cruise.

In the morning the Rear Admiral and Mrs. Schley went to see their son, who recently came here to practise medicine. The afternoon was spent with Mr. Wortley. To-day the Rear Admiral will return of his own accord. It is to be no means decided that the Chicago will proceed immediately to the Cape, as it has been rumored, and then make a cruise along the western coast of Africa. To determine her destination, the Admiral expects to visit Washington later in the week, where he will confer with the President and Secretary Long.

MARRIED—In San Francisco, George C. Winkler, U. S. V., and Miss Minnie McNelly, of San Francisco.

George C. Winkler, a soldier, was sick almost to death with pneumonia at Phoenix, Ariz. This was many months ago. Miss Minnie McNelly, was there visiting her sister and nursed young Winkler back to life.

He left Phoenix and the service and started for the Klondike to hunt for gold, but he kept Miss McNelly's San Francisco address. At Seattle the war fever seized him and he had a blue coat on again as soon as he could arrange it with the recruiting sergeant.

It was fortunate for him that he had the address of Miss McNelly, for his regiment was kept several months at the Presidio, San Francisco, before it was sent to the Philippines.

He came back with the latest batch of discharged soldiers. His discharge papers were all marked up with special mentions for Winkler was a hero in the Tagala fighting. He still had Miss McNelly's address, but it was not her address at San Francisco.

Her new address is Mrs. George C. Winkler, Bellevue, Mo., where she and her hero husband are visiting his parents.

REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY HIS DAUGHTER'S GUEST.

Rear Admiral Schley, having hoisted his two-starred flag on the Chicago, spent yesterday afternoon in the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. M. Stuart Wortley, at No. 63 West Sixty-eighth street, where it is expected that Mrs. Schley will remain while her husband is on his Southern cruise.

In the morning the Rear Admiral and Mrs. Schley went to see their son, who recently came here to practise medicine. The afternoon was spent with Mr. Wortley. To-day the Rear Admiral will return of his own accord. It is to be no means decided that the Chicago will proceed immediately to the Cape, as it has been rumored, and then make a cruise along the western coast of Africa. To determine her destination, the Admiral expects to visit Washington later in the week, where he will confer with the President and Secretary Long.

MARRIED—In San Francisco, George C. Winkler, U. S. V., and Miss Minnie McNelly, of San Francisco.

George C. Winkler, a soldier, was sick almost to death with pneumonia at Phoenix, Ariz. This was many months ago. Miss Minnie McNelly, was there visiting her sister and nursed young Winkler back to life.

He left Phoenix and the service and started for the Klondike to hunt for gold, but he kept Miss McNelly's San Francisco address. At Seattle the war fever seized him and he had a blue coat on again as soon as he could arrange it with the recruiting sergeant.

It was fortunate for him that he had the address of Miss McNelly, for his regiment was kept several months at the Presidio, San Francisco, before it was sent to the Philippines.

He came back with the latest batch of discharged soldiers. His discharge papers were all marked up with special mentions for Winkler was a hero in the Tagala fighting. He still had Miss McNelly's address, but it was not her address at San Francisco.

Her new address is Mrs. George C. Winkler, Bellevue, Mo., where she and her hero husband are visiting his parents.



WANTS THE PLACE WHERE LOGAN FELL.

"Gordon of the South" Would Like to Go on Firing Line.

Adjutant-General Corbin, U. S. Army, Washington: I have the honor to request that, as a Legion of the North is killed at the front, a Gordon of the South be permitted to take his place on the firing line.

My physical disabilities are not of sufficient gravity to interfere with a fight. I ask to be ordered to sail on the Logan.

FRANK GORDON.

Major 42d Regiment, U. S. Volunteers.

This "Gordon of the South" is a son of General Gordon, of Georgia, who, although wounded seven times in one battle during the civil war, continued to fight until nightfall. Major Gordon is a "chip of the old block." The spirit of the father is reflected in the son.

For the cure of the "physical disabilities" of which Major Gordon makes so light in his telegram he is to undergo a hazardous surgical operation in a few days.

"If they take me as I am," said the Major in the Grand Hotel yesterday, "I'll forego the operation and take my place on the firing line in Manila. Why, I am good for many a day. I would esteem it an honor to be appointed to take the place of my dead friend, John A. Logan."

At Guantanamo during the Spanish war Major Gordon was attached to the Third United States Volunteer Infantry, and later made first lieutenant of Company H, Forty-third United States Volunteer Infantry. While acting in the capacity of range officer he did some hard horseback riding.

His work in the saddle caused the physical impairment which necessitated his discharge.

"FATTY" BATES WON \$3,050 IN HORSE SHOW PRIZES.

His Exhibits Carried Off Twenty-Eight Ribbons "by Hard Work," He Says.

"Fatty" Bates sat in the office of his West End avenue stables yesterday afternoon and told his friends "how he did it." He had brought away just \$3,050 from the Horse Show in the shape of prizes—"ribbons," he calls them.

"Boys, it was hard work and nothing else that did it," he said. "With sixty thousand men in the field, the natural result will not long be delayed. The Boers will be driven from the Transvaal, and Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal will be united."

REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY HIS DAUGHTER'S GUEST.

Rear Admiral Schley, having hoisted his two-starred flag on the Chicago, spent yesterday afternoon in